

### "IN A GOOD CAUSE."

To begin with a quotation, from a somewhat obsolete play, to which we do not propose to supply the key by continuing the line, we say, "Thanks, generous friends!" and, in our WILLIE SHAKSPEARE'S words, we may add, on behalf of the Great Ormond Street Hospital for Sick Children, "For this relief much thanks!" And what a relief it has been! A besieged town,



"YOU'RE GETTING ALONG NICELY NOW, EH?"

after its long and anxiously looked for and prayed for "relief," is a sorry sight that tones down exuberant joy, and saddens every heart. But here, the relief of this Hospital brings with it only grateful thanksgiving and most hopeful prospects. The Mother Hospital welcomes her suffering children, and assures them of a bright future. Now may it be announced that "Mother and children are doing well." Not only so, but it is pretty certain that they will do better and better as time progresses.

Here is the account "up-to-date."

#### HOSPITAL FUND.

Summary to Friday, March 30, 1900.

	£	s.	d.
Donations ... ..	10,542	2	8
New Annual Subscriptions ...	367	10	6
Endowment Fund... ..	2,800	0	0
	13,709	13	2

The *Punch* Box for Contributions is still open, and all donations will be most thankfully received by a

Messrs. BRADBURY, AGNEW & Co., Ltd.,  
10, Bouverie Street, E.C.

The next item of news anent the Fund is that Mr. CHARLES MORTON, of the Palace Theatre, has most generously offered to give a Benefit Matinée in the early part of May, probably May 3, the proceeds of which he presents to the *Punch* Fund for Sick Children's Hospital. All particulars of this will be duly announced.

Finally, Mr. *Punch* opens his "Surprise Packet," as promised in his last issue, and begs to announce that the Committee of Management of this Hospital, in recognition of the timely aid afforded by Mr. *Punch* and his many friends, has established a "cot," to be now and hereafter known as "THE PUNCH COT."

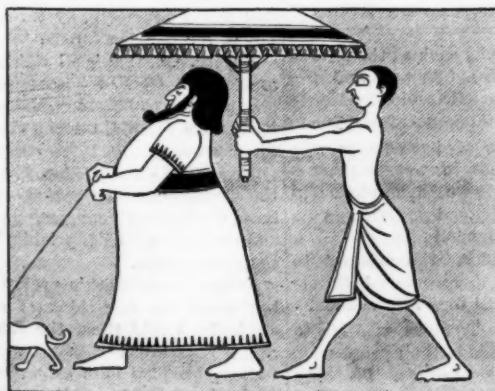
### SHAKSPEARE AND THE WAR.

*King Henry.* "We give express charge, that, in our marches through the country, there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid for, none of the 'Boers or Free Staters' upbraided or abused in disdainful language; for when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner."

Substituting "Boers or Free Staters" for "French" in the original, Lord ROBERTS might have annexed this quotation from *Henry the Fifth*, Act III., Sc. 6.

In *Henry the Fifth*, Act IV., SHAKSPEARE gives us a dialogue between three soldiers, representing pro-war and anti-war opinions, and the king, who states "the case for the crown" as plainly as convincingly. The scene ends with the touching prayer, commencing, "O God of Battles," which is "familiar" to us all "as household words."

CRYPTIC BUT SATISFACTORY.—"JOSEPH is now the Ruler of his People." This observation, when illumined by the brilliant search-light of our superior Intelligence Department, is found to mean not that the Right Hon. JOSEPHUS CHAMBERLAINUS is to replace Oom PAUL on the Presidential seat of the Transvaal, but that another JOSEPHUS, rejoicing in the saltatory Elizabethan surname of HATTON, has been recently appointed Editor of *The People*. His motto to his quill-armed warriors will be "Up guards and HATTON!" To politely adapt the very ancient academic chorus, "We do care a rap for *The People*, and what will the Editor say?" We shall see. *En attendant*, HATTON'S health, and many of 'em.



AN IDEA FROM THE ANCIENTS.



## CHECK.

Parent. "IF YOU DON'T STOP CRYING AT ONCE, SIR, I SHALL GIVE YOU A SEVERE THRASHING."

Son and Heir. "AND I SHALL TELL THE TICKET-COLLECTOR I AM OVER AGE! BA-HOO!"

"A GUINEA HERE, A GUINEA THERE!"

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Many of the daily papers are being inundated with floods of suggestions from embryo Chancellors of the Exchequer for the imposition of new taxes wherewithal to supply the "ready" for the khaki brigade. I have several times attempted to bring my views before the public, but have, after wasting much time, much paper, more ink, and many stamps, come to the conclusion that *Jealousy of Genius* is not unknown to the Day-by-Day editors. You, Sir, I believe, have a more just and less egotistical understanding than these gentry, and I venture to submit that imposts might conveniently be placed—

1. On all paragraphs such as the following:—"Mr. and Mrs. SNOOKER and the Misses SNOOKER have left London for Monte Carlo—tax, ten shillings per insertion.

2. On all persons of both sexes who wear varnished boots in wet weather—tax, 5s. per boot. (It would be obviously unfair to rate one-legged individuals on the same terms as bipeds.)

3. On all incapables, who attempt to sing or recite *The Absent-minded Beggar* in public—tax-fine, £1 for every offence.

4. On all Sporting Tipsters, who fail to give none but Winners in their prophecies—tax-fine, £1 for every failure. Probably in time races would be reduced to walks-over.

5. On all perambulators and go-carts encroaching on the pavements—tax-fine, 5s. for every breach of the public safety. N.B.—Large sums would readily be collected at Richmond, Brixton, Clapham, Hammersmith, and Notting Hill.

6. On all keepers of Servants' Registry Offices—tax-license, £10 per annum, with £5 tax-fine for every useless domestic placed by the agency. This alone would bring in an enormous revenue.

Such, dear Mr. Punch, are but half-a-dozen of the ways with which I would swell the budget. In case Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH would care to communicate with me I append my address and remain,

Your obedient Servant,

NATHANIEL NUMMUS.

Pyx Villa, Putney, S.W.

## A ROUNDEL OF DRAWBACKS.

["Some of the great victories we have won and the great deeds that have been done are due to the consumption of good beer."—Sir Outhbert Quilter.]

WHEN beer was pure men's hearts were great,

And strong to battle and endure;  
And virtue (doubtless) swayed the State  
When beer was pure.

But bread was harder to procure,  
(And sometimes worse than second rate,  
Drains bad, and highways insecure.

With such "set-offs" to compensate  
'Twas not all beer and skittles, sure,  
Even at that uncertain date  
When beer was pure.

## BY TELEPHONE.

Krüger. Hello—is that you, STEYN? I say, I'm awfully sorry, but I've had to annex you. Must do something to keep my fellows' spirits up.

Steyn. Funny, but not an hour since I annexed you!—however, it really doesn't matter: we can annex each other and *winkje das other eyeje*. I've told my people that the English have lost 64,000 men, and that Lord ROBERTS and 20,000 British troops have just been surrounded, and taken prisoners, by three men and a boy of the Burgher forces.

Krüger. Oh, that's all right. I've just stated that CRONJE has merely taken a cheap return to Brighton, and will be back again in a fortnight—that cheered them up immensely.

Steyn. So I should think. I've addressed the people here, saying that we purposely lured the English troops into Bloemfontein, and that it's all a deep laid plot of ours to destroy them.

Krüger. H'm—that's pretty steep, eh? but what do you think of my master-stroke? I told them the Russians had captured London!

Steyn (gasping with astonishment). Oh, come, I say! I'm a bit of a liar myself, but—



## SOMETHING LIKE A NOSE.

Whip (after galloping half a mile to a holloa). "WHERE DID YOU SEE HIM?"  
Yokel. "CAN'T ZAY AS 'OW I 'ZACTLY ZEED 'UN, BUT I THINK I SMELLED 'UN!"

## APAGE!

["President KRÜGER does not like orchids."—*The Gardener.*]

HENCE, loathed orchid flower,  
Of Insolence and Jingoism born  
In Birmingham forlorn,  
Mid dark intrigues in an accursed hour!  
Find out some Highbury  
Where plots are hatched and lawless raids are planned,  
And all things underhand;  
There, in the buttonhole of pushful JOE—  
No worse a fate I know—  
Go, hide thy hateful face and droop and die.

## "A NAME TO CONJURE WITH."

MR. PUNCH deems it necessary to inform the public, especially that portion of it which has overwhelmed him with applications and inquiries on the subject, that he has nothing whatever to do with "The Birrin Valley Gold Mining and Dredging Company, Limited." On referring to the Prospectus of that Company, to which he wishes the most complete and lasting success in all its takings, undertakings, and overtakings, it is evident that the error has arisen from the fact that a gentleman bearing the honourable surname of "PUNCH," with the prefixes to it of "JOHN JOSEPH," appears there (*vide Times of Monday, March 26*) as one of the Directors of the aforesaid Company.

The action of the friendly but indignant correspondents, who have notified Mr. Punch of the fact, reminds him of the occasion when Sam Weller drew his master's attention to the "magic name of Pickwick," which appeared "in gilt letters of a goodly size" on that part of the Bath Coach, "where the proprietor's name usually appears."

"Yes; but that ain't all," said Sam. "Not content with writin' up 'PICKWICK,' they puts 'MOSES' afore it, vich I call addin' insult to injury," and so forth. Then he finally asks, "Ain't nobody to be whopped for takin' this here liberty, Sir?"

"Certainly not," replied Mr. Pickwick eagerly, "not on any account." And of course, with stoical indifference, and with Pickwickian wisdom, thus also says Mr. Punch, and, further, hopes that The Birrin Valley may be the Happiest of Happy Valleys with gold galore. As all the world knows that he is the one and only "Mr. Punch," without any *prénom* whatever, why say any more? It is true that he does possess any number of titles and prerogatives which he can use at will, yet is he the sole owner and proprietor of the one title and the one name, always going together, which combine aristocratic exclusiveness with purest republican simplicity, recognised universally as "Mr. Punch."

## BACHELORS' WOES.

M. (to N., who is suffering from loss of linen). Does your washerwoman iron well?

N. I don't know as to "ironing," but it seems to me she's first-rate at "stealing."

WARY.—The "Open Door" Policy, is, of course, admirable. But there is just one important question that must occur to all parties concerned, and that is, "Who is going to be 'let in'?"

A PRODUCT OF THE "FISHERIES INDUSTRY (IRKLAND)."—Cork soles.

SHAKSPEARIAN PHRASE FOR "ASK A POLICEMAN."—"Tell the constable."—*Henry the Fifth*, Act IV., Sc. 3.





## A FUTURE DIPLOMATIST.

"HAVE A SMALL PIECE MORE CAKE, TOMMY!" "NO, THANK YOU."  
 "NOT A TINY PIECE?" "NO, THANK YOU."  
 "WILL YOU HAVE ANYTHING MORE?" "YES, A BIG PIECE."

## SHERIDAN AT THE HAYMARKET.

AN excellent "up-to-date" performance of *The Rivals* at the Haymarket. SHERIDAN'S wit triumphs over all the excrescent growths of traditional "gags" that have gradually become, apparently, part and parcel of the original; and he would be a bold manager who, in 1900, should place before the public the play as acted in 1775. Tedious indeed would be found the entire scenes between *Julia* and *Faulkland*, two parts in this revival ad-

mirably played, without one second's boredom, by Miss LILY HANBURY and Mr. FREDERICK HARRISON. Perhaps the most "conscientious" performance at the Haymarket is that of Mr. HARRISON as *Faulkland*, of Mr. CYRIL MAUDE as *Acres*, and of Mr. PAUL ARTHUR as *Captain Absolute*. The earnestness of this trio in Scene 3, Act I. is within an ace of producing a perfect example of genuine comedy acting. Whenever an excerpt from *The Rivals*, as revived at the Haymarket, may have to be played for a benefit, let it be this.

Miss WINIFRED EMERY'S *Lydia Languish* is charming as a representation of the affectedly sentimental young lady of the period, and makes us tremble for the domestic happiness of *Captain* and Mrs. *Absolute*.

Clever Mr. SYDNEY VALENTINE'S *Sir Anthony* gives the impression of an "old man in a hurry." To be violently angry about nothing seems his normal state; and on the rare occasions when he is not raging, he is laughing like a country bumpkin at his own limited ideas of humour. He is a fine specimen of the irascible, hot-tempered old guardian, who has been "always with us" from prehistoric times until now. With his culti-

vated suavity of manner, Mr. J. D. BEVERIDGE, even if a trifle heavy for the part, is probably a fair representative of the type of Irishman of no-fortune in England whom SHERIDAN drew, and if his conduct, in some of the situations in which he is placed with *Bob Acres*, exceeds the limit of probability, the blame cannot fairly be laid on his broad shoulders.

Mrs. CHARLES CALVERT as Mrs. *Malaprop* is good throughout, and in one or two situations superb; notably when she listens to the letter read by *Captain Absolute*, and answering his question as to "who the weather-beaten she-dragon may be," she replies, with conviction, "Me!" At this monosyllable, given as Mrs. CALVERT gives it, so calmly, so painfully, and with such a contempt for the writer of the letter, the laughter of the house was almost inextinguishable. We have heard "Me" delivered with grimace and glance intended to appeal to the house, and it has so far succeeded. But this Mrs. *Malaprop* shuts her eyes, places herself on a pinnacle of moral superiority to the writer of so vile a calumny, and simply utters the monosyllable "Me" as if giving a most unexpected solution to a most difficult enigma. The "Me" takes the house by storm. The success of *The Rivals* at the Haymarket seems due in no small degree to surprises such as the utterance of this monosyllable by Mrs. *Malaprop*. *Faulkland*, ordinarily so dull, is a pleasant surprise as played by Mr. HARRISON; and *Julia* is a delightful surprise, as very sweetly and sensibly rendered by Miss LILY HANBURY. But that four acts should



Mrs. Calvert Malaprop and Sir Valentine Anthony.

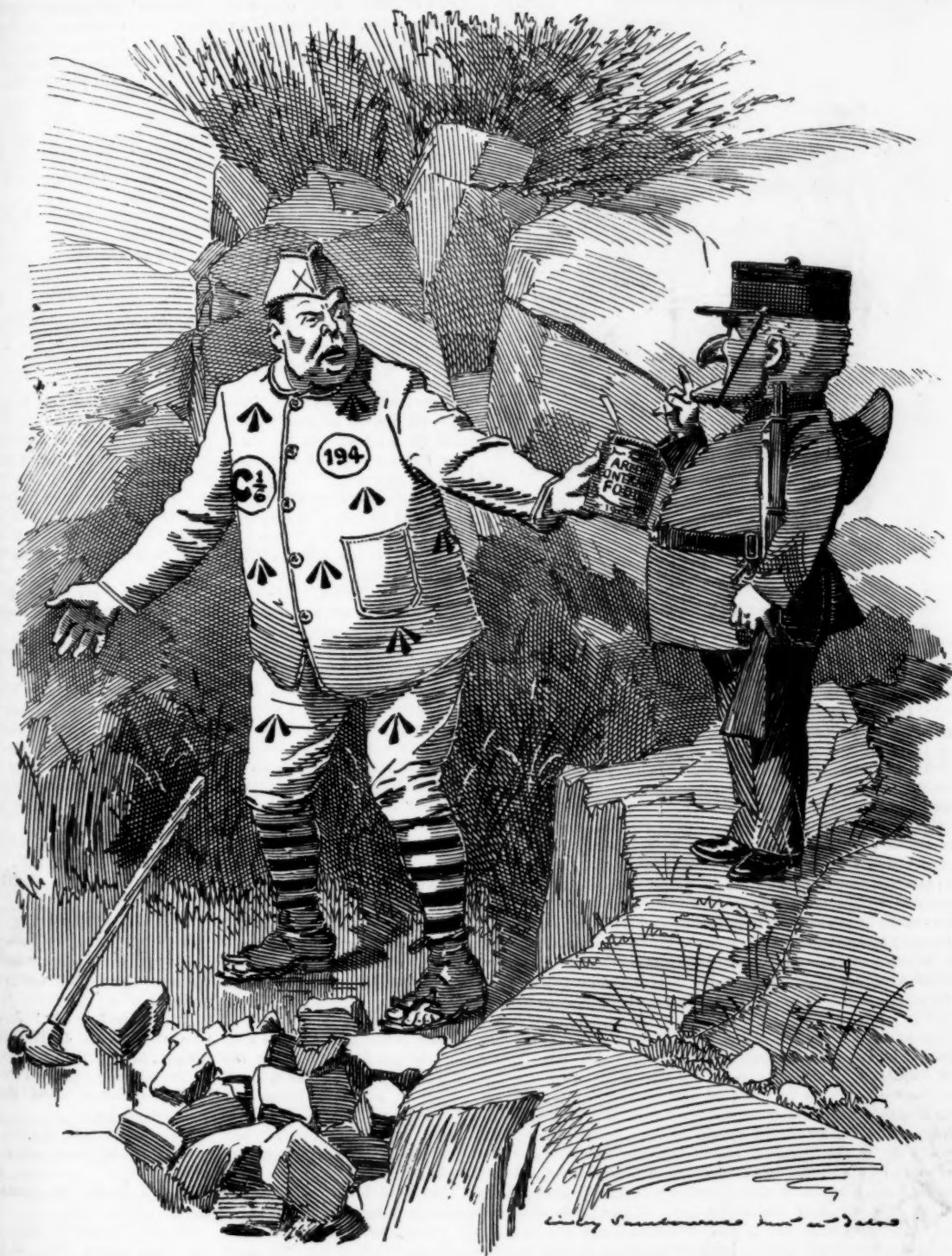
be played within three hours, should give us constant laughter, and never be for one instant tedious, is, perhaps, the greatest surprise of all.

APPROPRIATE BIRTHPLACE.—It appears that Bugler DUNNE is a native of the land of the Deemsters. We are not surprised, for clearly there is a good deal of Man about the brave boy.



Cyril Maude Acres and Miss Winifred Languish.





PAID IN HIS OWN COIN; OR, WHAT WE SHOULD LIKE TO SEE.

*Convicted Contractor.* "LOOK HERE! I CAN'T WALK IN THESE BOOTS, AND I CAN'T EAT THIS FOOD!"  
*Warder Punch.* "WELL YOU'VE GOT TO; IT'S WHAT YOU SUPPLIED TO THE TROOPS."



## FISHING INTERROGATORY.

"Now, supposing a fellow finds a great hulking chap and his dog commandeering his sandwiches and things, what ought a fellow to do, doncherknow?"

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

With the exception of a very few "chestnuts" thrown in as a make-weight, or dropped in accidentally, *Lighter Moments* from the Note-book of Bishop Walsham How (JEBSTER & Co.), edited by FREDERICK DOUGLAS HOW, is a carefully assorted collection of such good stories as, if he but carried a tithe of them in his memory, would provide a social raconteur, living by the want of wit in others, with dinners, lunches, and sojourns at country houses, for the better part of two years, during which time he could be daily acquiring fresh material from the same source. The Baron would recommend all black-and-white artists with a humorous turn to procure this book and to study it, as therein they will probably find many subjects which may have already been sent to them, or which assuredly will be sent to them as "new and original," as "a fact," or "as something that happened to myself only the other day." A thorough acquaintance with *Lighter Moments* will show "How it's done."

*Unwritten Laws and Ideals* (SMITH, ELDER) is an uninviting title. It is, however, the only failure in the book. The Editor, E. H. PITCAIRN, has had the happy thought of bringing together a number of experts to write of the professions they adorn. Rare discrimination has been made in the choice of the contributors. Sir EDWARD MALET speaks for the Ambassadors, Lord MONKSWELL for the House of Lords, Sir REGINALD PALGRAVE for the House of Commons, with which he was so closely, and had been so long, associated that strangers in the distant gallery used to mix up him and the mace. Other professions are dealt with by equally able hands. Whilst all the chapters are freshly written, blazing with information from an inside point of view, my Baronite delights most in that on "The Judges," contributed by Sir HERBERT STEPHEN. The literary style, and the sub-acid humour that underlies communication of sound

information on abstruse matters of fact, supply conclusive proof of the heredity of genius. The final passage devoted to description of the ideal judge is too long to quote. It would have been specially appropriate in these columns, where, if Sir HERBERT had done his duty to a wider range of mankind, it ought in the first instance to have been sent for publication.

*Marcelle of the Latin Quarter*, by CLIVE HOLLAND (PEARSON), is a story of artistic life in Paris, inartistically told. It commences well, but after a time the reader becomes, like *Marianne* in the Moated Grange, "awearry, weary," and the coup, when it does come, is ill-contrived; yet it might have been so effective, that its failure in this respect is irritating.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

## MANUEL DE LA CONVERSATION.

## EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE.

## At the Tailor.

## Chez le Tailleur.

I GO to pass at the tailor. Je vais passer chez le tailleur. Where that? Street Thing, Où ça? Rue Chose, No. 1, la No. 1, the house who do the maison qui fait le coin. corner.

I desire one costume of town. One riding-coat or one jacket, that me is equal. To the country I not carry but one vest, but not in town.

Je désire un costume de ville. Une redingote ou une jaquette, ça m'est égal. A la campagne je ne porte qu'un veston, mais pas en ville.

You tell that one jacket grey deepened is very elegant, very chic? That himself can. To true to tell the riding-coat is one little heavy.

Vous dites qu'une jaquette gris-foncé est très élégant, très chic? Cela se peut. A vrai dire la redingote est un peu lourde.

Eh well, jacket, waistcoat, pantaloon—in effect one complete grey deepened.

Eh bien, jaquette, gilet, pantalon—en effet un complet gris-foncé.

See there one colour who me go to marvel.

Voilà une couleur qui me va à merveille.

It is all. No, I not have necessity of habit. I dine in smoking. One has less hot. But I have always my frock to the foundation of my mail, for the evenings of great holded.

C'est tout. Non, je n'ai pas besoin d'habit. Je dine en smoking. On a moins chaud. Mais j'ai toujours mon frac au fond de ma malle, pour les soirées de grande tenue.

Shall come I to essay the costume vendredi?

Viendrai-je essayer le costume vendredi?

Perfectly. Good day.

Parfaitement. Bon jour.

## At the Booter.

## Chez le Bottier.

Have you of the english boots?

Avez-vous des bottines anglaises?

You not of them have point? Nothing but these boots there, thins, pointeds, the soles thicks as one leaf of paper?

Vous n'en avez point? Rien que ces bottines-là, minces, pointues, les semelles épaisses comme une feuille de papier?

No, thousand times no! I desire of the goods boots english, larges, strongs, solids, the talons garnished of fat nails.

Non, mille fois non! Je désire de bonnes bottines anglaises, larges, fortes, solides, les talons garnis de gros clous.

For to march in Paris, you demand?

Pour marcher dans Paris, vous demandez?

But yes. The English self protect the foots, even in town.

Mais oui. Les Anglais se protègent les pieds, même en ville.

Try of to finish the boots the most soon possible.

Tâchez de finir les bottines le plus tôt possible.

Ah, the talons of these shoes are one little used. He must them to accomodate again. Wish to send to search the shoes this evening to my hotel.

Ah, les talons de ces souliers sont un peu usés. Il faut them to raccomoder. Veuillez en voyer chercher les souliers ce soir à mon hôtel. H. D. B.

## THE "NOTTINGHAM LAMBS."

[On the opening day of the Session of the National Liberal Federation at Nottingham, there was a stormy display of feeling between the supporters of the peaceful chairman and those of the warlike Professor MASSIE. On the second day the struggle abated. Sir EDWARD GREY spoke in the place of Sir H. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, regrettably absent through indisposition. The speaker was not sure, even now, that if we had an election it would turn on South Africa. There were other subjects, such as the Workmen's Compensation Bill for agricultural labourers, old-age pensions, and temperance reform. Here was work for the Liberal Party.—Daily Paper.]

PRETTY it was by all report

To note the Nottingham lambs at sport;

"Baa!" said the black coats, "baa! baa! baa!"

And "Pooh!" said the white, said they;  
But the great bell-wether was indisposed,  
And hoped that the struggle would soon be closed

In a friendly and lamb-like way.

The chair-sheep held that the flock had sinned

Just on the point where his faith was pinned;

A section of sanguine rams had gone

On the innocent wolf his track,

Blundering forth in a blind career;

"Hear!" said the white sheep, "hear! O hear!"

And "Pish-pooh-baa!" said the black.

The chair-sheep spoke to the faithful few:—

"What would the Grand Old Llama do?

He that was head of the ancient run

And friend of the enemy's pack?

He would have tethered those truculent rams."

"Ja! Ja! Ja!" said the little white lambs,  
And "Bah! Bah! Bah!" said the black.

After a prayer that war should cease,  
Followed by cries of "Stop-the-Peace!"

Rose a mutton of massy brain,

Black as the coaly night;

"Mine," said he, "is a bellicose view!"

"Good," said the black sheep, "good for you!"

And "Bah! Bah! Bah!" said the white.

Deadly it must have been to see

This struggle for Liberal Unity;

Many a head was lost that day,

Many a mouthpiece shut;

Fleeces and tails flew thick and fast

And the lowering welkin rang aghast

To the rain of the frequent butt.

The great bell-wether was far away

Indisposed to assist at the fray;

But a so-called Grey-sheep lifted his voice

Filling the vacant chink:

Sable his coat, but his bleat was bland

As he touched on the Labour Question and

The awful effects of Drink.

"Topics like these that strike so deep

Appeal," said he, "to the average sheep;

Wolves are a sort of a foreign affair



Sydney Harvey, 1900

"I HEARD YOUR DAUGHTER IS ENGAGED, MR. DE COURCY. MAY I CONGRATULATE YOU?"

"THANKS, BUT—ER—I'M AFRAID IT WON'T COME OFF. YOU SEE—I PROMISED TO GIVE HER A 'THOU' BY WAY OF DOWRY—AND—AH—I'M NOT QUITE READY WITH IT JUST NOW."

"MY DEAR MR. DE COURCY, YOU CAN EASILY GET OVER THAT DIFFICULTY. GIVE HER

SAY TWO HUNDRED DOWN, AND PROMISE THE EIGHT HUNDRED IN THREE MONTHS' TIME."

"YES—UM—THAT'S VERY GOOD. OF COURSE THE EIGHT HUNDRED IN THREE MONTHS

I CAN PROMISE EASILY ENOUGH, BUT—ER—IT'S THE TWO HUNDRED DOWN THAT I CAN'T

MANAGE."

Vaguely affecting the race;

But Compensation and Pensions and such,

Those are the kind of thing to touch

The heart in a tender place.

"Lambs may differ about the war,

How it should end and what it was for;

Mightier matters will make them one

When the general flock is polled."

So was finished the long-drawn fight,

And soft-winged peace with the second

night

Fell on the family fold.

O. S.

## COMING TO TERMS;

Or, Small by Degrees and Beautifully Less.

First Suggestion (close of 1899). South

Africa to be abandoned by the British

and rechristened Krügerplussteinland.

England to pay an indemnity of £40,000,000.

Second Suggestion (March, 1900). Peace

to be restored on the condition that

Krügerplussteinland be an independent

sovereign State.

Third Suggestion (Sept. 30, 1900). Any

thing your Majesty may design to wish.





### OUR LADIES' HOCKEY CLUB.

*Fair Captain.* "OH, GET THE BALL, WINN! DO RUN! DON'T WADDLE!"

#### "CASSANDRA" CUTTINGS.

April 1. (*Paris Telegram*.) "Every detail of the invasion of England is now arranged. I learn, on the very best authority, that a comprehensive timetable has been issued to every military and naval officer. The first transport is timed to reach Dover at 3.26 A.M., June 31, and the sinking of the last British ironclad is fixed for four o'clock on the same afternoon. The entry of four army corps into London was originally arranged to take place at 8 A.M. on the 5th, but, in deference to the wishes of those generals who dislike early rising, it possibly may be postponed until 10.30. After prolonged deliberation, the President of the Republic has selected Buckingham Palace in preference to Windsor Castle as his future abode; there is some reason to believe that the

latter place will be leased to General MERCIER."

Same date—same paper.—We publish a St. Petersburg telegram, proving conclusively that the Russians will have occupied Calcutta within a month from this date.

Same date. (*Monte Carlo Telegram*.) Startling intelligence! My informant, whose name I am not at liberty to divulge, moves in the very highest circles, and his statement may be relied on absolutely. He has confided to me that the Prince of MONACO, persuaded by the arguments of Dr. LEYDS, intends to invade England on Easter Monday. Fifty-eight men, in his opinion, will suffice for the campaign, the remaining two (army numbers sixty) will be reserved for home defence. The exact hour of his arrival in England is not yet definitely settled.

2nd Edition, April 1. (*From a letter to the*

*Editor, signed "Vigilans."*) . . . "Despite abundant warning, despite the convincing telegrams which you, Sir, have published, our authorities are as inert, as supine, as inefficient as ever. Let them awake without a moment's delay! Let us spend this very week seven hundred millions on national defence! Is this a time for niggardly economy, when the enemy is at our door," etc., etc.

April 2. (*From a leading article.*) "We have previously referred to the alarmist and mendacious reports, so freely disseminated by a section of the press. The *Cassandra*, we are proud to think, has eschewed this crime from the first. As we have consistently shown, there is not the least likelihood that any foreign power will elect to pick a quarrel with us. The peace of Europe is assured."

#### SOME POINTS ABOUT ARBITRATION.

[The Award of the Delagoa Bay Arbitration Tribunal was published at Berne on March 29, after more than ten years' delay.]

THE principle of *wacht een bietje*—wait a bit—which has hitherto governed South African politics, has been once more applied with success, as far as the interests and pockets of the Arbitrators are concerned.

The claimants, who expected at least two-and-a-half millions compensation for a flagrant violation of their rights, and will receive about £300,000, after costs have been paid, are now not exactly of the opinion that *everything* comes to him who waits.

After this performance it would be advisable in the future that Arbitrators should be treated like common juries, and locked up without food and firing, when there would be some chance of accelerating their deliberations. At present, arbitration is a method best suited to the Millennium, when time shall be no object.

The problem of What to Do with our Sons is merely a matter of arbitration, i.e., let them imitate the worthy Swiss juris-consults and take up a profession which ensures them a steady income with no trouble for an unlimited number of years.

It is probable, however, that arbitration will henceforward be conducted in person, after the delivery of an Ultimatum, by the Commander-in-Chief of the Power which has the most cogent armaments and explosives. Arguments, like expletives, have apparently had their day—and a pretty long one at that.

Arbitrators and their heirs, administrators, and assigns, will be allowed a hundred years to investigate the question of the commencement of the Twenty-First Century, and the Duplication of the Cube. Other more pressing matters will be referred to Business men.

## A POOR MAN'S MOTTO.

I WANT to choose a motto,  
Some graceful watchword that's  
More classical than "What, oh,  
She bumps," less terse than "Rats!"

*Fortis per ardua centum?*  
How's that? I've lots of pluck—  
*Dat Deus incrementum?*  
Not much to me, worse luck!

*Pro patria? A hero*  
To that were not averse;  
There's *Meliora spero*,  
And things could scarce be worse.

But since my income slim is,  
And few the quids I touch,  
My choice is *Ne quid nimis*,  
Or, not a quid too much!

## AS WE SEE OURSELVES.

The new weekly, the "Londoner"—an excellent two pennyworth—contains an article by Mr. F. H. Cowen on the impression produced by his own compositions on himself. Charmed with the notion, Mr. Punch has written to several eminent literary persons, asking them to describe the impressions produced by their own compositions on themselves.

THE principal impression produced upon me by the perusal of my own works is a splitting headache, especially acute in the case of my poems. I have a strong suspicion, amounting at times to a conviction, that I generally have a meaning if only it can be found. In my more recent works, however, this feeling is less marked.

A subsidiary impression is amazement at the number of people who read my works and profess to understand them.

G-RGE M-R-D-TH.

On reading my patriotic poems, my feelings are tremendous. I am as a lion going forth to battle: my hair crimps (a most curious sensation) and I stretch my limbs—a phenomenon which, I am told, occurs also in many of my readers, with the further accompaniment of a yawn. On the whole, I am immensely struck with my own genius, and I know not which to admire the more, the discrimination of Lord SALISBURY who saw in me a fitting successor to TENNYSON and WORDSWORTH, or my own merits, which enable me to wear so worthily the laurels which once decked their brows.

In spite of the odiousness of comparisons, I cannot but institute one between myself and a certain ephemeral poet whom some have the audacity to call the National Laureate; and when I contrast the vulgar diction of his jingling rhymes with the pure and classic language in which my prose is couched, I can only reflect with grief and indignation on the difference between his circulation and my own.

ALFR-D A-ST-N.



"WHATEVER HAVE YOU BEEN DOING WITH YOURSELF, MURPHY? YOU LOOK ALL BROKEN UP!"

"WELL, YER 'ANNEE, I WINT TO WAN IV THIM 'SHTOP-THE-WAR' MEETINGS LASHI NOIGHT!"

A glow of satisfaction thrills me as I gaze upon the bookshelves which contain my works. There is really some very good stuff amongst them. I don't profess to know what I meant when I wrote some of them, e.g., the *Jungle Book*; but plain tales of ORTHERIS, MULVANEY & Co., were played out, and one had to strike out a different line somehow. I confess, when I read *The Day's Work*, I have an uncomfortable misgiving that I am running to seed, which, however, is instantly dispelled when I hear the barrel-organ outside my door discoursing the classic and familiar strains of that undoubted work of genius, *The Absent-Minded Beggar*.

R-DY-RD K-PL-NG.

Robert Elsmere convinces me that I am a great novelist, my new edition of the BRONTËS that I am a still greater critic. Surely nothing gives one so pleasing a sense of superiority as to patronise a feeble sister, such as the authoress of *Jane Eyre*.

Mrs. H-MPHRY W-RD.

When I read some of the awful rot that I have undoubtedly written, I find myself wondering if I am quite responsible for my literary actions. Can it be that I am as mad as my last creation, *The Worshipper of the Image*?

R-CH-RD LE G-LL-NNE.

THE NEW FRENCH APPLE OF DISCORD.—  
The Pom-Pom.



### "APPRECIATIONS," LOCAL.

*Vicar's Wife.* "I SEE, MRS. FIELDSEND, THAT MARY IS HOME AGAIN."  
*Mrs. Fieldsend.* "YES, M'M. YOU SEE, SHE HAS BEEN A YEAR AT CROWE RECTORY, AND EIGHTEEN MONTHS AT EXHOLME VICARAGE, AND NOW WE WANT HER TO GO INTO A GENTLEMAN'S FAMILY!"

### ALMOST FRENCH.

[*"Les victoires boërs sont à peu près françaises."*  
 —Quoted by the *"Progrès,"* of Cairo, from a French newspaper.]

I SAT in an Egyptian train,  
 In clouds of dust,  
 And wondered if our English rain  
 Is justly cussed.

A little Arab and his pal,  
 Unblessed with hankies,  
 Yelled *"Progrès, Sphinx, Petit Journal!"*  
 (Not *Sphinx*, 'twas *"Sphankis."*)

I bought the first, and found a lie  
 Too rich and rare  
 To waste its sweetness here, thought I,  
 On desert air.

I read that all the Boër braves,  
 Both chiefs and henchmen,  
 Who've dug so many British graves,  
 Are really Frenchmen.

I read that Boër triumphs won  
 On hill, in trench,  
 (Oh, gnash your teeth, False Albion!)  
 Are really French.

The Boërs, I read, are proved to be  
 Down to their toes,  
 Pure Gauls, the same who as *Belgæ*  
 Pulled Cæsar's nose.

No doubt, dear friends, their gain is yours,  
 But, AUGUSTE, tell,  
 Are you prepared to claim the Boers'  
 Defeats as well?

If we can prove, as prove we can,  
 We're Teutons—see?  
 May we assert we won Sedan  
 And took Páree?

Wait till, at least, the end is sure  
 My good *insensé*,  
 Ere you make haste to dub the Boer  
 "*A peu près Français.*"

SUGGESTION FOR MR. RHODES. — The  
 P. M. G. told us last week that "With  
 the exception of one Christian firm our  
 Johannesburg interests are now practically Jewish." Hope that "one Christian" will remain "firm." But why not

change the name of the town to "*Jewhannesburg*"?

### THE NEW TONGUE.

SCENE.—Any Club.

*Brown.* Well, old man, it's about time we were trekking.

*Jones.* Yes, we must inspan now, if we're to get to the theatre in time. How are we going to manage the transport? A hansom?

*Brown.* It's raining. We'd better form four-wheelers. Got your field-glasses?

*Jones.* Yes; a pair I commandeered from ROBINSON. Confound it, there's old BOREHAM entrenched behind the paper! He's sure to open fire on us and shell us with heavy remarks.

*Brown.* We'll do a turning movement and outflank him by the other door.

*Shade of Johnson (hovering in the air).* To what has my poor mother tongue descended? There was never such slang in the coffee taverns.

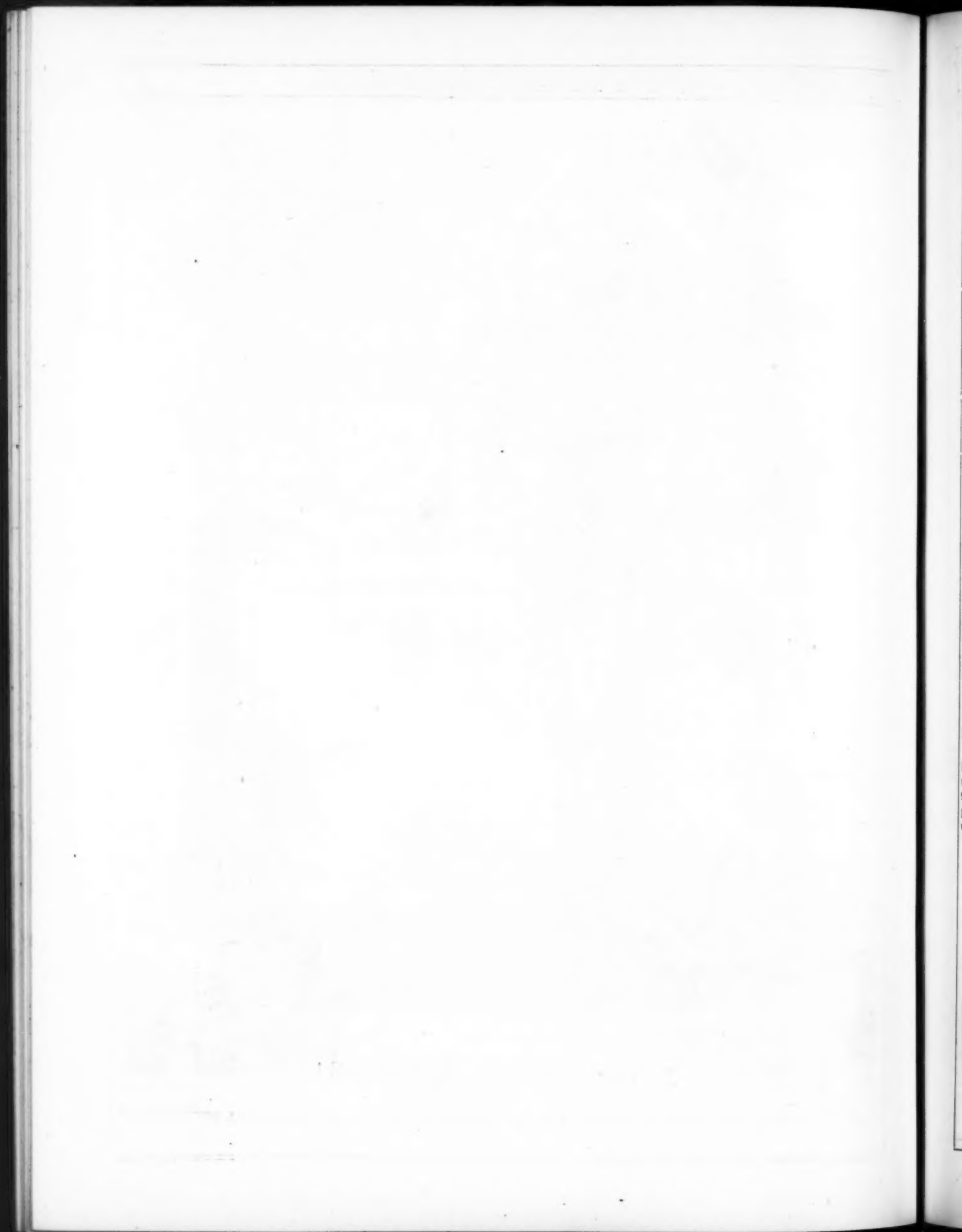




SWAIN Sc

## A TRUE IRISH WELCOME !

HIBERNIA. "SURE, YOUR MAJESTY, THERE 'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME, AND IT 'S AT HOME YE 'LL BE WITH US!"





*Vicar's Daughter (who likes to be up to date).* "I've decided to sell this old BICYCLE, JANE, AND TO GET ONE OF THE NEW FREE WHEELS. IT WILL BE QUITE A NOVELTY IN THE VILLAGE, WON'T IT?"

*Jane.* "WELL, 'ARDLY, MISS. YOU SEE, ME AND COOK, WE GOT NEW BICYCLES SOME TIME AGO, AND THEY'RE BOTH FREE WHEELS!"

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, March 26.*—Irish Nationalist Party of to-day a poor travesty on what it was when CHARLES STEWART was King. Still, it has unsuspected lodes of native gold. One turned up to-night in Mr. DOOGAN. Never heard



"The unresponsive countenance of Chr-st-ph-Tr-t B-rtl-y."

him speak before. In his way—quite a different one—as delightful as the peerless FLAVIN. When not looking after imperial affairs at Westminster, is a farmer in far off Fermanagh. Looks the part; in personal appearance much nearer the popular idea of JOHN BULL than of average Irishman. Got up to-night in debate on Budget. Followed those other eminent financial authorities, the Chancellor of the Exchequer and SQUIRE OF MALWOOD.

Question before Committee was, Shall Ireland equally with Great Britain pay an extra twopence a pound on tea? Mr. DOOGAN emphatically says "No!" and he will tell them why. They have heard of Mr. PITT? Mr. DOOGAN pauses for a reply. None forthcoming, he politely assumes the affirmative. On second thoughts, looking over scantily-peopled benches opposite, his eye lingering on the unresponsive countenance of CHRISTOPHER TROUT BARTLEY, doubt disturbs his mind. Perhaps, after all, they haven't heard about Mr. PITT. Mr. DOOGAN, always punctilious to give the great minister the prefix—as who should say Mr. MILTON or Mr. SHAKESPEARE—recently made his acquaintance in the studious glades of Lisbellaw. Co. Fer-

managh. Impression left on his mind is sharp and deep. Committee would probably like to hear a few particulars personal to Mr. PITT. Mr. DOOGAN, who, in the absence of TIM HEALY, has secured the corner seat on the second bench below gangway, insensibly falls into SOCRATES' peripatetic habit when conveying instruction. Between his sentences he takes a little walk out into the gangway, hastily returning when, to his alarm, he finds himself midway across. Refreshed by one of these excursions, he advises gentlemen opposite to "get up Mr. PITT."

Here the Chairman gets up and reminds Mr. DOOGAN that the question before the Committee is whether an additional twopence a pound shall be clapped on tea.

Mr. DOOGAN takes another little walk; coming back urges that the Act of Union, taken in connection with the war in the Transvaal, imposes on the British Chancellor of the Exchequer the duty of seeing that Ireland has a special allowance of twopence a pound on tea. This naturally leads him up to the observation that "Mr. PITT was a very remarkable man."

Ruthless Chairman up again. Mr. DOOGAN down. Being seated thinks he will remain so; which he does. Gentlemen opposite, just beginning to develop thirst for information about Mr. PITT, left unsatisfied.

*Business done.*—Tea, Tobacco and Beer Clauses of Budget voted.

*Tuesday.*—Striking illustration furnished to-night of WILFRID LAWSON'S aloofness from his fellow-man. Don't allude to his views on the War. Constitutional habit with some men straightway to believe that on any subject their own country is in the wrong, and that any one with whom it may chance to be in controversy is in the right. On another and much smaller matter Sir WILFRID'S lack of sympathy with large majority of House was shewn. CUTHBERT QUILTER, delivering his Annual Address on Pure Beer, mentioned sad case of member whose name he considerably withheld. Spending an evening with some friends in Germany, he repaid their hospitality by contributing to the harmony of the evening a number of hymns and spiritual songs. When festivities closed he found



A Study in Liberal Leaders.  
(Sir W-ll-m H-re-rt and the Sir Edw-rd Gr-y of the future.)



to his amazement that he had put away twenty-two glasses of beer. Who kept count was not mentioned. The fact seems to have been undisputed.

Having, on the magisterial bench, brought under his notice various cases of the results of even a slight approach to such excess of refreshment, the hon. member contemplated with alarm the problem of getting home. He felt "all ri" where he was; had somewhere heard that on getting into open air the consequences under similar conditions are incommoding. Cautiously passing the door, he found no ill effects.

"Indeed, when he got home to his lodgings," Sir CUTHBERT says, "he was able to conduct to a successful conclusion two anatomical problems."

That is a way they have in Suffolk of describing the severance from body of fowl of a leg and wing with intent to sup.

There was scarcely a dry eye in House as QUILTER, catching his breath in effort not to break down, told this story of ineffective endeavour. Twenty-two glasses of beer and no forrader! Only WILFRID LAWSON chuckled with delight.

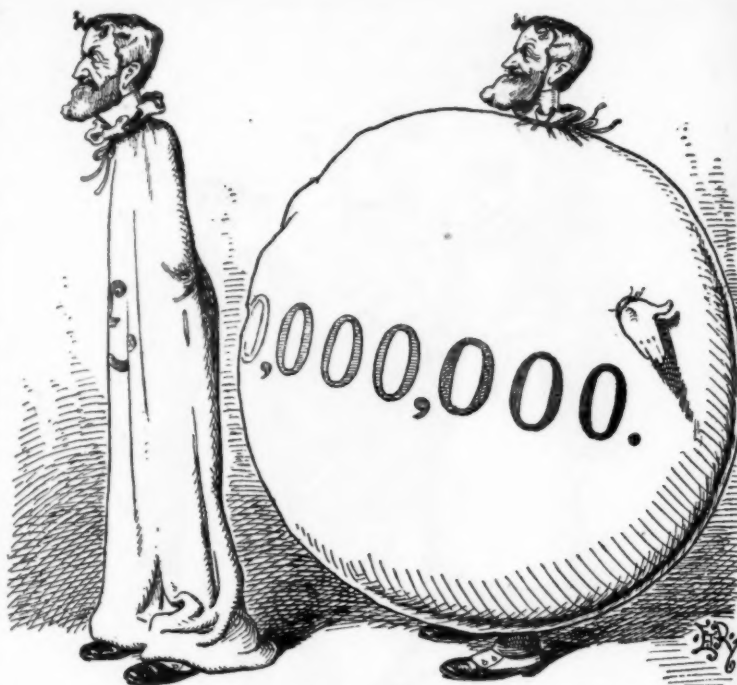
"Serve him right," he said; "wish all liquor was like that. Best teetotal story I've heard for long time."

*Business done.*—CUTHBERT QUILTER, like another Fat Boy, makes your flesh creep with weird story from the Rhine.

*Thursday.*—Sleepy House suddenly stirred to-night by tragic incident. Budget Bill in Committee. Irish members, having talked themselves dry, took refuge in final stage of obstruction. Whenever amendment submitted, or proposal made



A Fiscal Anachronism.  
(Mr. J. L. with r.)



BEFORE AND AFTER THE SUBSCRIPTION OF THE WAR LOAN;

Or, "Money o' Michael makes a muckle."

to add clause to Bill, they insisted on taking division. That means waste of from ten minutes to a quarter-of-an-hour. No trouble beyond health-giving walk round lobbies.

On one such occasion the four tellers as usual went forth to tell; two for the Irish members, two for the Ministry.

*Only three came back.*

When the last member in either division lobby had passed the wicket, the tellers ranged themselves in line before Table ready to march up and proclaim result of division. JOHN ELLIS in Chair, rubbed his eyes, and counted again. Certainly, there were only three. Scouts rushed through lobbies in search of possible fragments. Nothing found—not a boot, not a thumb, not a lock of hair.

It was one of the Irish tellers who thus vanished. Had he been in the same lobby as his compatriot, tragic disappearance easily accounted for. A sudden breach in the union of hearts; a blow; a scuffle; a swift dismemberment; an open window; and below the dumb, darkly flowing tide of the Thames.

But in a division, the tellers begin by dividing. The missing Irish member was last seen in company with Ministerial Whip. ANSTRUTHER might, an' he liked, tell a tragic tale. He opened his mouth only to say he knew nothing. Members looked askance at him, hoping it was all right.

Meanwhile, nothing to be done but take another division, leaving unfathomed the dark mystery of the vanished teller.

*Business done.*—A teller teetotally disappeared.

*Friday.*—Curious thing can't make out about Budget. Financial year doesn't close till March 31. Budget introduced more than a month ahead; straightway at daybreak on following morning new customs and excise duties take effect. New Income Tax doesn't date from morning after Budget, nor from morning of new financial year, but from April 6. Must ask SQUIRE OF MALWOOD to explain the puzzle.

"You can't see the SQUIRE to-day," said the Member for Sark.

"Why?" I asked.

"Well," he answered, blushing, "he's not going out just now; daily expecting to become a grandfather."

*Business done.*—JOSEPH WALTON, bursting with information, his coat-tail pockets bulging with papers, his tongue fluent with musical Chinese, flusters St. JOHN BRODRICK about the fearsome Far East.

NOTE BY OUR OWN IRREPRESSIBLE ONE.—Our troops in South Africa are complaining of the lack of malt liquor. Courage, my friends, since you have De Beers within hail.



I

WASN'T even thinking of the fool. It is enough to be in the same market on 'Change with

NORTON BELLAMY, and

outside my office or the House I like to forget him.

But long ago he joined the City of London Club, to my regret, and now, in the smoking-room after lunch, during my cup of coffee, cigar, and game of dominoes, he will too often hurl himself uninvited into a conversation that he is neither asked to join nor desired to enlighten.

Upon a day in January last, my friend, ARTHUR MATHERS, had a chill on the liver and was suffering under sustained professional ill-fortune. From his standpoint, therefore, in the Kaffir Market, he looked out at the world and agreed with CARLYLE's unreasonable estimate of mankind. As a jobber in a large way he came to this conclusion; while I, who am a broker and a member of the Committee, could by no means agree with him.

"The spirit of common-sense must be reckoned with," I explained to MATHERS. "This nation stands where it does by right of that virtue. Take the giving and receiving of advice. You may draw a line through that. There is a rare—notable genius for giving advice in this country. The war illustrates my point. You will find every journal full of advice given by civilians to soldiers, by soldiers to civilians, by the man in the street to the man in the Cabinet, and by the man in the Cabinet to the man in the street. We think for ourselves—develop abnormal common-sense, and, as a consequence, I maintain that much more good advice is given than bad."

But MATHERS, what with his chilled liver and business depression, was unreasonable. He derided my contention. He flouted it. He raised his voice in hard, simulated laughter, and attracted other men from their coffee and cigars. When he had won their attention, he tried to crush me publicly. He said:

"My dear chap, out of your own mouth I will confute you. If more good advice is given than bad, every man will get more good than harm by following advice. That's logical; but

you won't pretend to maintain such a ridiculous position, surely?"

I like a war of words after luncheon. It sharpens the wits and assists digestion. So, without being particularly in earnest, I supported my contention.

"Assuredly," I said. "We don't take enough advice, in my opinion—just as we don't take enough exercise, or wholesome food. It is too much the fashion to ask advice and not take it. But if we modelled our lives on the disinterested opinion of other people, and availed ourselves of the combined judgment of our fellows, the world would be both happier and wiser in many directions. And if men knew, when they were invited to express an opinion, that it was no mere conventional piece of civility or empty compliment which prompted us to ask their criticism, consider how they would put their best powers forward! Yes, one who consistently followed the advice of his fellow-creatures would be paying a compliment to humanity and—"

"Qualifying himself for a lunatic asylum!"

Here burst in the blatant BELLAMY from his seat by the fire. He put down a financial journal; and then turned to me. "If there's more good advice flying about than bad, old man, why don't you take some?" he said. "I could give you plenty of excellent advice at this moment, HONEYBUN. For instance, I could tell you to play the fool only in your own house; but you wouldn't thank me. You'd say it was uncalled-for and impertinent—you know you would."

BELLAMY is the only man who has any power to annoy me after my lunch. And knowing it, he exercises that power. He can shake me at a word, can reach my nerve-centres quicker than a tin-tack. Yet, seen superficially, he appears to be the mere common stockbroker; but his voice it is that makes him so hated—his voice, and his manners, and his sense of humour. I turned upon him and did a foolish thing—as one often does foolish things when suddenly maddened into them by some bigger fool than oneself. I answered:

"There's bad advice—idiotic advice—given as well as good. When I've exhausted creation and want your opinion, my dear BELLAMY, I'll trouble you for it. And as to playing the fool, why, *nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit*—not even NORTON BELLAMY. You'll admit that!"

BELLAMY has no education, and nothing irritates him quicker

than a quotation in a foreign language, though any other quotation he's more than a match for. He scowled and meant mischief from the moment the laugh went with me. He ignored the Latin, but stuck to the English of my remark.

"Bad as well as good," he answered. "Just what I say. Only you assert 'more good than bad,' and I declare 'more bad than good,' which means that the more advice I refuse the better for me in the long run."

"You judge human nature from an intimate knowledge of your own lack of judgment, my dear fellow," I said, in a bantering voice.

"Well, I'll back my judgment all the same," he answered, hotly, "which is a good deal more than you will. You talk of common-sense, and lay down vague, not to say inane rules for other people to follow, and pose as a sort of Book of Wisdom thrown open to the public every afternoon in this smoking-room; but anybody can talk. Now, I'll bet you a thousand pounds that you'll not take the advice of your fellow-man for twelve consecutive hours. And, what is more, I'll bet you another thousand that I'll do the other thing and go distinctly contrary to every request, suggestion, or scrap of advice offered me in the same space of time. And then we'll see about your knowledge of human nature, and who looks the biggest fool at the end of the day."

I repeat it was after luncheon, and no man unfamiliar with NORTON BELLAMY can have any idea of the studied insolence, the offence, the diabolic sneer with which he accompanied this preposterous suggestion. I was, however, silent for the space of three seconds; then he made another remark to MATHERS, and that settled it.

"Some of us are like the chap who took his dying oath the cat was grey. Then they asked him to bet a halfpenny that it was, and he wouldn't. So hang goes another wind-bag!"

He was marching out with all the honours when I lost my temper and took the brute at his word.

"Done!" I said.

Think of it! A man of five-and-fifty, with some reputation for general mental stability, and a member of the Committee of the Stock Exchange!

"You'll take me?" he asked, and there was an evil light in the man's hard blue eyes, while his red whiskers actually bristled as he spoke. "You'll back yourself to follow every scrap of advice given you throughout one whole day for a thousand pounds?"

In my madness I answered, only intent upon arranging miseries for him.

"Yes, if you'll back yourself to act in an exactly contrary manner."

"Most certainly. It's my ordinary rule of life," he replied. "I never do take advice. I'm not a congenital idiot. Let us say to-morrow."

Now upon the Stock Exchange we have a universal system by which honour stands for security. In our peculiar business relations this principle is absolutely necessary. And it seldom fails. There is a simple, pathetic trust amongst us unknown in other walks of life. It can only be compared to that universal spirit said to have existed in King ALFRED's days, when we are invited to believe that people left their jewellery about on the hedges with impunity, and crime practically ceased out of the land. So when BELLAMY and I made this fatuous bet, we trusted each the other. I knew that, with all his faults, the man was absolutely straightforward and honest; and I felt that, having once taken his wager, I should either win it—at personal inconvenience impossible to estimate before the event—or lose and frankly pay.

"To-morrow," said BELLAMY. "Let us say to-morrow. You don't want a thing like this hanging over you. We'll meet here and lunch and compare notes—if you're free to do so, which is doubtful, for I see a holy chaos opening out before you."

"To-morrow!" I said. "And, be that as it may, I would not change my position for yours!"

I went home that night under a gathering weight of care. To my wife and daughters I said nothing, though they noticed and commented upon my unusual taciturnity. In truth, the more I thought of the programme in store for me, the less I liked it; while BELLAMY, on the contrary, so far as I could see, despite my big words at parting from him, had only to be slightly more brutal and aggressive than usual to come well out of his ordeal. I slept ill and woke depressed. The weather was ominous in itself. I looked out of my dressing-room window and quoted from the classics:

"She is not rosy-fingered, but swoll'n black;  
Her face is like a water turned to blood,  
And her sick head is bound about with clouds,  
As if she threatened night ere noon of day!"

which shows, by the bye, that BEN JONSON knew a London fog when he saw it, though chemists pretend that the vile phenomenon wasn't familiar to the Elizabethans.

My breakfast proved a farce, and having wished my dear ones a dreary "Good morning," I crept out into a bilious, fuliginous atmosphere, through which black smuts fell in legions upon the numbed desolation of South Kensington. Only the urban cat stalked here and there, rejoicing, as it seemed, in prolonged night. My chronic cough began at the first gulp of this atrocious atmosphere, and, changing my mind about walking to the District Railway Station, I turned, sought my cab-whistle, and summoned a hansom. It came presently, clinking and tinkling out of nothingness—a chariot with watery eyes of flame—a goblin coach to carry me away through the mask of the fog, from home, from wife and children, into the vast unknown of man's advice.

The cabman began it—a surly, grasping brute who, upon taking my shilling, commented and added something about the weather.

"Your fare, and you know it very well," I answered; whereupon he replied:

"Oh, all right. Wish I could give you the cab an' the 'oss in. Don't you chuck away your money—that's all. You're a blimed sight too big-hearted—that's what's the matter with you."

I felt cheered. Here was practical advice given by a mere toiler from the ranks. I promised the man that I would not waste my money; I reciprocated his caution, beamed upon him, ignored his satire, and went downstairs to the trains. A news-paper boy offered me *Punch*. I bought it, and with rising spirits, lighted a cigar and got into a city train. It happened to come from Ealing, and contained, amongst other people, my dear old friend, TRACY MAINWARING—cheeriest, brightest, and best of men. The fog deepened, and somewhere about the Temple a violent fit of coughing caused me to fling away my cigar and double up in considerable physical discomfort. MAINWARING, with his universal sympathy, was instantly much concerned for me.

"My dear HONEYBUN, you'll kill yourself—you will indeed. It's suicide for you to come to town on days like this. How often have I expostulated! And nobody will pity you, because you need not do it. Why don't you go to the south of France? You ought to go for all our sakes."

"MAINWARING," I said, "you're right. You always are. Here's the Temple. I'll return home at once and start as soon as I conveniently can—to-morrow at latest."

The amazement which burst forth upon the face of every man in that carriage was a striking commentary on my original assertion that advice is not taken habitually in this country.

As for MAINWARING himself, I could perceive that he was seriously alarmed. He followed me out of the train and his face was white, his voice much shaken as he took my arm.

"Old chap," he said, "I've annoyed you: I've bored you



with my irresponsible chatter. You're trying to escape from me. You mustn't let a friend influence you against your better judgment. Of course, I only thought of your good, but—"

"My dear fellow," I answered, "nobody ever gave me better advice, and unless circumstances conspire against it, I mean to do as you suggest."

"Yes, yes—capital," he said, with the voice we assume when trying to soothe an intoxicated acquaintance or a lunatic. "You shall go, dear old fellow; and I'll see you home."

Now here is the effect of taking advice upon the man who gives it! MAINWARING is a genial, uncalculating, kindly soul who is always tendering counsel and exhortation to everybody, from his shoeblack upwards, yet here, in a moment, I had him reduced to a mere bundle of vibrating nerves, simply because I had undertaken to follow one of his suggestions. Of course I knew the thought in his mind; he believed that I had gone out of mine. So I said:

"Yes, old fellow, I see what you think; but, consider; if I was a lunatic to take your advice, what must you be to have given it?"

This conundrum, if possible, increased his uneasiness. He fussed anxiously around me and begged to be allowed to see me home; whereupon, being weary of his cowardice, I waved MAINWARING off, left the station to be free of him, and hastily ascended Arundel Street.

My object was now an omnibus which should convey me almost to my own door; and my heart grew fairly light again, for if by the terms of the wager, I could legitimately get back under my own roof, the worst might be well over. I pictured myself packing quietly all day for the Continent. Then, when morning should come, I had merely to change my mind again and the matter would terminate. Any natural disappointment of my wife and the girls when they heard of my intention to stop in London after all might be relieved with judicious gifts purchased out of NORTON BELLAMY'S thousand pounds.

At a corner in the Strand I waited, and others with me, while the fog increased—noisome veil upon veil—and the lurid street seemed full of dim ghosts wandering in a sulphur hell. My omnibus was long in coming, and, just as it did so, I pressed forward with the rest, and had the misfortune to tread upon the foot of a threadbare and foul-mouthed person who had been waiting beside me. Standing there the sorry creature had used the vilest language for fifteen minutes, had scattered his complicated imprecations on the ears of all; but especially, I think, for the benefit of his wretched wife. She—a lank and hungry creature—had flashed back looks at him once or twice, but no more. Occasionally, as his coarse words lashed her, she had shivered and glanced at the faces about her, to see whether any champion of women stood there waiting for the South Kensington omnibus. Apparently none did, though, for my part, at another time, I had certainly taken it upon me to reprove the wretch, or even call a constable. But upon this day, and moving as it were for that occasion only under a curse, I held silence the better course and maintained the same while much pitying this down-trodden woman. Now, however, Fate chose me for a sort of Nemesis against my will, and leaping forward to the omnibus, I descended with all my fourteen stone upon the foot of the bully. He hopped in agony, lifted up his voice, and added a darkness to the fog. His profanity intensified the ambient gloom, and out of it, I saw the white face of his wife, and her teeth gleamed in a savage smile as he hopped in the gutter, like some evil fowl. People laughed at his discomfort, and a vocabulary naturally rich was lifted above itself into absolute opulence. He loosed upon me a chaos of sacred and profane expletives, uttered in the accent of south-west London. His words tumbled about my ears like a nest of angered hornets. The man refused to listen to any apology, and, from natural regret, my mood changed to active annoyance, because he insisted upon hopping between me and the omnibus, and a crowd began to collect.

Then his bitter-hearted wife spoke up and bid me take action, little dreaming of the position in which I stood with respect to all advice.

"Don't let the swine cheek you like that," she cried. "He's all gas—that's what he is—a carwardly 'ound as only bullies women and children. You're bigger than him! Hit him over the jaw with your rumberella. Hit him hard—then you'll see."

It will not, I trust, be necessary for me to say that never before that moment did I strike a fellow-creature—either in the heat of anger or with calculated intention. Indeed, even a thousand pounds would seem a small price to expend, if for that outlay one might escape such a crime; yet now, dazed by the noise, by the fog, by emotions beyond analysis, by the grinning teeth and eyes of the crowd, shining wolfish out of the gloom around me, by the woman's weird, tigerish face almost thrust into mine, and by the fact that the man had asked me why the blank, blank I didn't let my blank self out at so much a blank hour for a blank steam-roller, I let go.

If BELLAMY could have seen me then! My umbrella whistled through the fog and appeared to strike the man almost exactly where his wife had suggested. He was gone like a flower, and everybody seemed pleased. There were yells and cat-calls and wild London sounds in my ears; somebody rose out of the pandemonium and patted me on the back, and told me to hook it before the bloke got up again; somebody else whispered earnestly in my ear that I had done the community a good turn; the omnibus proceeded without me, for I was now separated from it by a crowd; the fog thickened, lurid lights flashed in it; my head whirled; the man who had whispered congratulations in my ear endeavoured to take my watch; and I was just going to cry for the police, when my recumbent victim, assisted, to my amazement, by the tigerish woman, arose, clothed in fury and mud as with a garment, and advanced upon me.

There are times and seasons when argument and even frank apology is useless; there are very rare occasions when coin of the realm itself is vain to heal a misunderstanding or soothe a wounded spirit. I felt that the man now drawn up in battle array before me was reduced for the moment to a mere pre-Adamite person or cave-dweller—first cousin to, and but slightly removed from, the unreasoning and ferocious dinosaur or vindictive megatherium. This poor, bruised, muddy Londoner, now dancing with clenched fists and uttering a sort of language which rendered him almost incandescent, obviously thirsted to do me physical hurt. No mere wounding of my tenderest feelings, no shaming of me, no touching of my pride or my pocket would suffice for him. Indeed, he explained openly that he was going to break every bone in my body and stamp my remains into London mud, even if it spoilt his boots. Hearing which prophecy, one of those inspirations that repay a studious man for his study came in the nick of time, and I remembered a happy saying of the judicious HOOKER, how that many perils can best be conquered by flying from them. I had not run for thirty years, but I ran then, and dashing past a church, a cheap book shop and the Globe Theatre, darted into the friendly shelter of a populous neighbourhood that extends beyond. So sudden was my action and so dense the fog that I escaped without loss and, within three minutes from that moment, all sorrow past, sat in a hansom, had the window lowered, and drove off with joy and thankfulness for my home.

So far I had done or set about doing everything my fellow-man or woman deemed well for me; as it was now past eleven o'clock, I felt that the day would soon slip away and all might yet be well.

Then the Father of Fog, who is one with the Prince of this world, took arms against me; there was a crash, a smash, loud words, a breath of cold air, a tinkle of broken glass, a stinging lash across my face, an alteration abrupt and painful

in my position. My horse had collided with another and come down heavily; the window was broken; and my face had a nasty cut across the cheekbone within a fractional distance of my right eye.

The driver was one of that chicken-hearted sort of cabmen rare in London, but common in provincial towns. He had fallen from his box-seat, it is true, and had undoubtedly hurt himself here and there on the outside, yet I doubt if any serious injury had overtaken him; but now he stood at the horse's head, and pulled at its muzzle or some such apparatus, and gasped and gurgled and explained how a railway van had run into him, knocked over his horse and then darted off into the fog. I told the man not to cry, and people began collecting as usual like evil gnomes out of the gloom. The air soon hummed with advice, and personally, knowing myself to be worse than useless where a horse in difficulties is concerned, I acted upon the earliest suggestion that called for departure from the scene. Ignoring directions about harness, cutting of straps, backing the vehicle and sitting on the horse's head, I fell in with one thoughtful individual who gave it as his opinion that the beast was dying, and hurried away at my best speed to seek a veterinary surgeon. My face was much injured, my nerves were shaken and I had a violent stitch in my side and a buzzing in the head; but I did my duty, and finding a small corner hostelry that threw beams of red and yellow light across the fog, I entered, gave myself a few moments to recover breath, then asked the young woman behind the bar whether she knew where I might most quickly find a horse doctor.

"There has been an accident," I explained, "and a man on the spot gives it as his opinion that the horse is seriously unwell and should be seen to at once. Personally, I suspect it could get up if it liked, but I am not an expert and may be mistaken."

"Fraid you've hurted yourself too, Sir," answered the girl. "I am sorry. Sit down and have something to drink, Sir. I'm sure you want it."

I sat down, sighed, wiped my face and ordered a little brandy. This she prepared with kindly solicitude, then advised a second glass, and I, feeling the opinion practical enough, obeyed her gladly.

She knew nothing of a veterinary surgeon, but there chanced to be a person in the bar who said that he did. He evidently felt tempted to proclaim himself such a man, for I could see the idea in his shifty eyes; but he thought better of this, and admitted that he was only a dog-fancier himself, though he knew a colleague in the next street who had wide experience of horses.

Now my idea of a dog-fancier is one who habitually fancies somebody else's dog. I told the man this while I finished my brandy-and-water, and he admitted that it was a general weakness in the profession, but explained that he had, so far, fought successfully against it. Then we started to find the veterinary surgeon and soon passed into a region that I suspected to be Seven Dials.

"Ullo, JAGGERS! Who's your friend?" said a man in a doorway.

"Gent wants a vet," answered my companion.

"Gent wants a new fice, more like!"

I asked the meaning of this phrase, suspecting that some fragment of homely and perhaps valuable advice lay beneath it, but JAGGERS thought not.

"Only BARNY BOSHER's sauce," he said. "He's a fightin' man—pick of the basket at nine stone five—so he thinks he can say what he likes; but he's got a good 'cart."

We pushed on until a small shop appeared, framed in bird-cages. Spiritless tropical fowls of different sorts and colours sat and drooped in them—parrots, cockatoos, and other foreigners of a sort unfamiliar to me.

"Come in," said JAGGERS. "This is MUGGRIDGE's shop.

And what he don't know about 'osses, an' all livin' things for that matter, ain't worth knowin'."

Mr. MUGGRIDGE was at his counter busy with a large wooden crate bored with many holes. From these proceeded strange squeaks and grunts.

"'Alf a mo," he said. "It's a consignment of prize guinea-pigs, and they wants attention particler urgent, for they've been on the What-you-may-call-it Railway in a luggage train pretty near since last Christmas by all accounts, and a luggage train on that line gives you a fair general idea of Eternity, I'm told."

Mr. MUGGRIDGE was a little, bright, cheerful person who appeared to frame his life on the philosophy of his own canaries. The shop was warm, even stuffy perhaps—still warm. So I said one or two kind things about the beasts and birds, then took a chair and looked at my watch.

"I can wait," I told him.

"Can the 'oss? That's the question," asked JAGGERS; and he began to murmur something about being kept away from his work and hard times; so I gave him a shilling, and he thanked me, though not warmly, and instantly vanished into the fog—to go on dog-fancying no doubt.

Mr. MUGGRIDGE complimented me on my love for animals. He then began to pull strange rough bundles of white and black and yellow fur from his wooden crate. The things looked like a sort of animated blend between a penwiper and a Japanese chrysanthemum. Indeed, I told him so, and he retorted by strongly advising me to take a couple home for my family.

With a sigh, I agreed to do so, and Mr. MUGGRIDGE, evidently surprised at my ready acquiescence, grew excited, and suggested two more.

"You try a pair o' them Hangoras, and a pair o' them tortoiseshells," he said, "an' before you can look round you'll be breedin' guinea-pigs as'll take prizes all over Europe. Pedigree pigs—pigs with a European reputation!"

"Very well, two pairs," I answered, "since you wish it."

And then I observed that MUGGRIDGE was thinking very hard. I fancy he realised that the opportunity of a lifetime lay before him.

"Yes," he said suddenly, answering his own reflections, "to a gen'lman like you, I will part with it, though it's dead against the grain. But you ought to have it—my last mongoose—a lady's pet—a little hangel in the 'ouse! Five guineas."

"There's a large brown horse fallen down in the next street. That's what I'm here for," I cried aloud, ignoring the mongoose.

"Ah, they will go down; and I've got a lion-monkey, and while you are buying animals, I strongly advise you to have it. Not another in England to my knowledge. Peaceful as a lamb. I wish I could send them, but I'm run off my legs just now. Never remember such a rush or such competition. So if you'll let me suggest, I'd take your little lot right away with you. My cages are specially commended at the Crystal Palace and elsewhere, and I have a few left by me still. I suppose you couldn't do with a water-snake or two? Yes? Here, SAM! Come down here. A large horder!"

He shouted to a boy, who appeared, and began putting strange beasts and reptiles into cages with lightning rapidity; while I stood and watched, as a man gripped, tranced, turned to stone by the deadly incubus of a dream. All the time Mr. MUGGRIDGE chattered, like the lid of a kettle on the boil, put up canaries and parrots in cages, fastened a string to a poodle, and incarcerated various other specimens of obscure and unattractive fauna that he wanted to be rid of. Then he made out an account, pressed it into my hand, rushed to the door and whistled for a four-wheeler.

(Continued in our next.)

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